

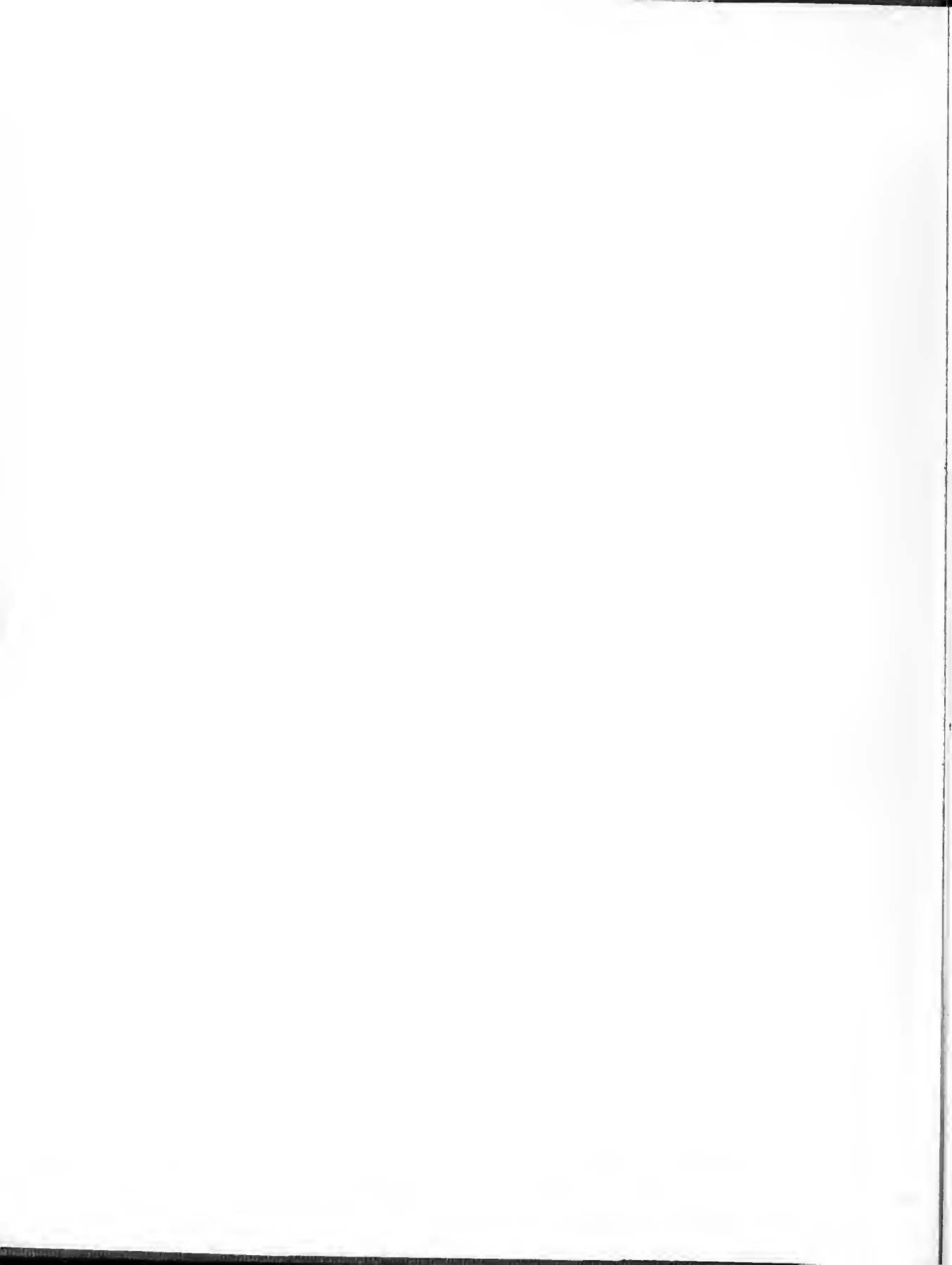
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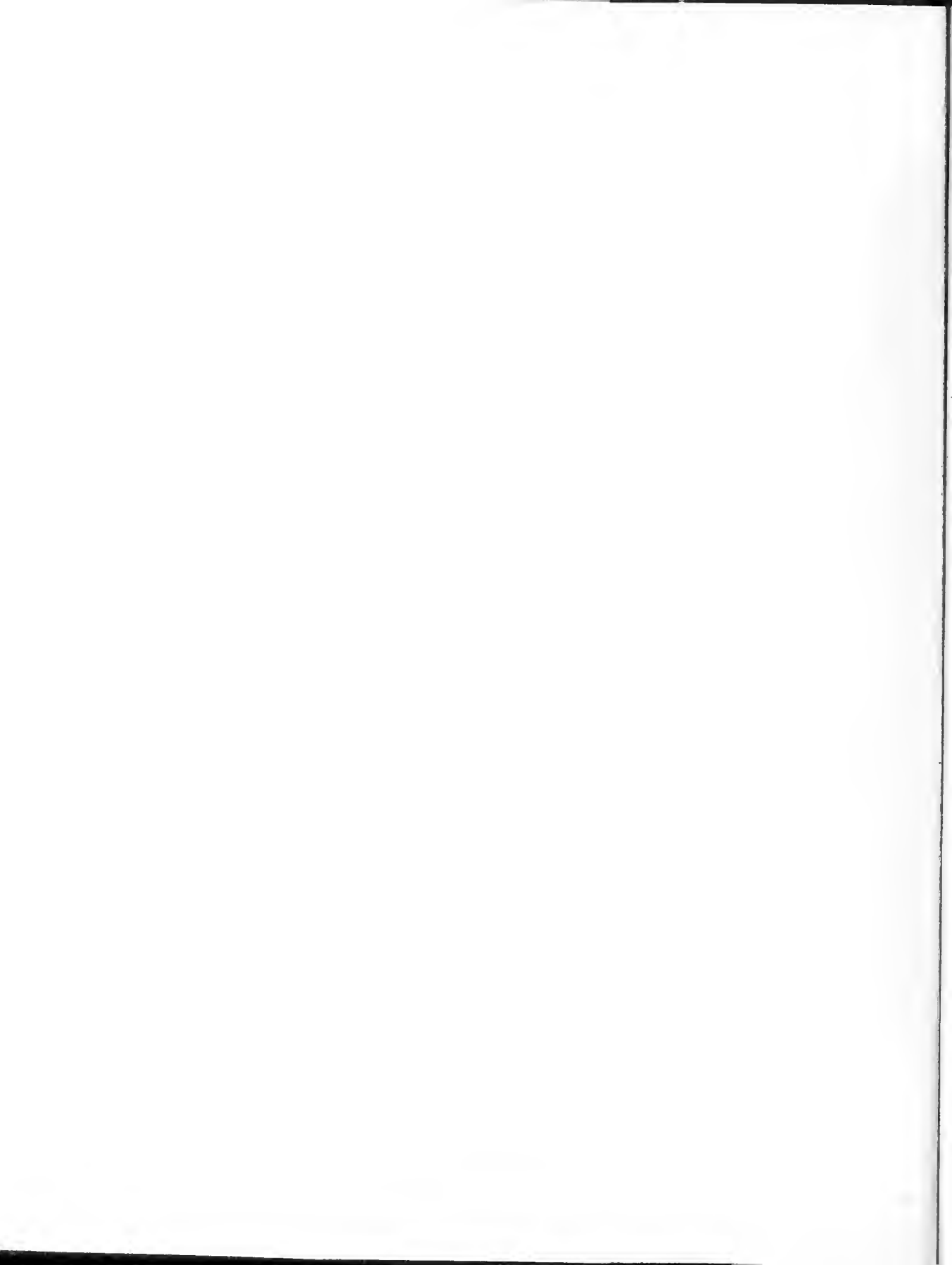
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HADDON HALL

WRITTEN BY

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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Vocal Score (complete) .. .. Price, net 12s. 6d.

~~~~~  
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND.



An Original Light English Opera,

IN THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

HADDON HALL.

WRITTEN BY

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ARRANGED FROM THE FULL SCORE BY

KING HALL.

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5/6

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LOWE AND BRYDONE (PRINTERS) LIMITED, LONDON, N.W.10

*Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE,
on Saturday, 24th September, 1892.*

Characters.

JOHN MANNERS	} <i>Royalists</i>	MR. COURTICE POUNDS.
SIR GEORGE VERNON		MR. RICHARD GREEN.
OSWALD		MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM
RUPERT VERNON	<i>Roundhead</i>	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON
THE MCCRANKIE	} <i>Puritans</i>	MR. W. H. DENNY.
SING-SONG SIMEON		MR. RUDOLPH LEWIS.
KILL-JOY CANDLEMAS		MR. W. H. LÉON.
NICODEMUS KNOCK-KNEE		MR. A. FOWLES.
BARNABAS BELLOWS-TO-MEND		MR. G. DE PLEDGE.
MAJOR DOMO	MR. H. GORDON.
<hr/>		
DOROTHY VERNON	MISS LUCILE HILL.
LADY VERNON	MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.
DORCAS	MISS DOROTHY VANE.
NANCE	MISS NITA COLE.
GERTRUDE	MISS CLARIBEL HYDE.
DEBORAH	MISS FLORENCE EASTON.

CHORUS OF SIMPLES AND GENTLES.

ACT I.—THE LOVERS.

SCENE.—The Terrace W. TELBIN.

"The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
Above the cedars that girdle them rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies."

ACT II.—THE ELOPEMENT.

SCENE I.—DOROTHY VERNON'S DOOR HAWES CRAVEN.

"It is a night with never a star,
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams."

SCENE II.—The Long Gallery J. HARKER.

ACT III.—THE RETURN.

SCENE.—The Ante-Chamber W. PERKINS.

NOTE.—The clock of Time has been put forward a century, and other liberties have been taken with history.

The Opera produced under the Stage Direction of Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and the Musical Direction of Mr. FRANÇOIS CELLIER. The Dances arranged by Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN. The Costumes designed by Mr. PERCY ANDERSON and executed by Mmes. AUGUSTE, Madame LÉON, Mr. B. J. S'MMONS, Messrs. ANGEL & SON, and M. ALIAS. Wigs by CLARKSON. Properties by Mr. SKELLY. Stage Machinist, Mr. PETER WHITE.

— ❧ —

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INTRODUCTION	I

NO.

Art EE.

Art III.

("Haddon Hall"—Voca.)

HADDON HALL.

Written by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO

ff

ff

p

pp

Ped.

pp

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

cres.

p

*Andante.*TENORS & BASSES. (*Behind the scenes.*) *Unis. f.*

vir-tue reign'd from cot to throne, . . And man and wife were true. Ye state - ly homes of Eng - land,

Ye state - ly homes of Eng - land,

Long may your tow - ers stand; Types of the life of man and wife, . . Types of our Eng - lish land !

Long may your tow - ers stand; Types of the life of man and wife, . . Types of our Eng - lish land !

Types of the life of man and wife, . . Types of our Eng - lish land !

Types of the life of man and wife, . . Types of our Eng - lish land !

p

ACT I. CHORUS with SOLOS.

No. 1.

Allegro con brio.

PIANO.

day, it is a fes - tal time: The Bride - groom comes to - day, And we are here to

day, it is a fes - tal time! The Bride - groom comes to day, And we are here to

Unis.

sing a rhyme To speed him on his way. To-day, our mis - tress, e - ver dear, doth plight . .

sing a rhyme To speed him on his way.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

her vir - gin troth; And we are all fore-gath - er'd here To sing, . . .

And we are all fore-gath - er'd here To sing,

19,348

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

B

God bless them both ! To - day, it is a fes - tal time ! The

God bless them both ! To day, it is a fes - tal time ! The

Ped. *

Bride - groom comes to - day, And we are here to sing a rhyme To speed him on his

Bride - groom comes to - day, And we are here to sing a rhyme To speed him oo his

way. We are all fore - gath - er'd here to sing, God bless them

way. We are all fore - gath - er'd here to sing, God bless them

C

both | . . .

both | . . .

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

1st time.

Ped.

*

2nd time.

D

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *



DORCAS.

But midst our ju - bi - la - tion, Comes the e - cho of a sigh ; It's

L'istesso tempo. (♩ = ♩.)

full sig - ni - fi - ca - tion Ye will ga - ther by-and-bye. Now, lend me your at - tention, While I tell you all a tale, A -

ment a dain-ty dormouse, And an un-at-trac-tive snail.

p CHORUS.
A dain-ty dor-mouse! An un-at-trac-tive snail!

p
A dain-ty dor-mouse! An un-at-trac-tive snail!

(No. 1a.)

SONG—(Dorcas).

DORCAS.

'Twas a dear lit-tle dor-mouse— A lit-tle mousemaid! Her pa-pa and mar-ma She had al-ways o - gal-lant young squirrel Sat perch'd on a tree, And he thought to him-self, There's a good wife for

Andante moderato.

p

bey'd; Pit-a-pat went her heart, And her cheek grew pale, When commanded to mar-ry A stu-pid old me! On the eve of the wed-ding He said to the mouse, "Wilt thou mar-ry a squirrel Who has-n't a

snail. "Oh, fa-ther, I can-not!" "But, daugh-ter, thou must; For he has a house, And house?" "Oh, squirrel, I can-not!" "But, dor-mouse, thou must! Her heart to a squir-rel A

we haven't a crust!"
dor-mouse may trust;"

The snail he was ug-ly,
The squir-rel was hand-some;

The snail he was
They plight-ed their

black; But for all that, he car-ried a house on his back.
vows, And the squir-rel ran off With the lit-tle dor-mouse.

Said the wi-ly old dormouse, "When thou art his
And I'm sure if you ev-er Set eyes on a

bride, He will lend us his house, And we'll all live in-side!"
snail, You will all sym-pa-thize With the dor-mouse's wail.

"Oh, fa-ther, I can-not!" "Bot,
"Oh, fa-ther, I can-not, Don't

CHORUS, *p* *sostenuto*.

"Oh, fa-ther, 'I can-not!" "But
"Oh, fa-ther, I can-not;" "But

cres.

daugh - ter, thou must ; For he has a house, And we haven't a crust, For he has a house, } And
 tell me I must ; Though he has a house, And we haven't a crust, Though he has a house, } And

daugh - ter, thou must ; For he has a house, And we haven't a crust, For he has a house, } And
 tell me I must ; Though he has a house, And we haven't a crust, Though he has a house, } And

daugh - ter, thou must ; For he has a house, And we haven't a crust, For he has a house, } And
 tell me I must ; Though he has a house, And we haven't a crust, Though he has a house, } And

1st time. *dim.* we have-n't a crust ! " *A* we have-n't a crust ! "

dim. we have-n't a crust ! " *f* we have-n't a crust ! " "But who is the dormouse? And

we have-n't a crust ! " *f* we have-n't a crust ! " "But who is the dormouse? And

E Allegretto con brio.

who, who is the snail ? "

who, who is the snail ? "

f

f Hail to the Lord of Had-don! And

f Hail to the Lord of Had-don! And

thee, his sil-ver bride! And to thy daugh-ter, fair-est flow-er Of

thee, his sil-ver bride! And to thy daugh-ter, fair-est flow-er Of

F all the coun-try side!

all the coun-try side!

Sve.

GIRLS. *Una.*

Nor vi - o - let, li - ly, Nor blue - bell we bring, To

loco.

gar - land thy path - way With fra - grance of Spring. No beau ty of blos - som That

dies in a day Can speak . . . an af - fec - tion That blos - soms al -

cres.

way. And nev - er a chap - let Our hands could en - twine, Could

dim.

ALL.

tell the de - vo - tion That ev - er is thine In

In

cres.

lieu of the li - ly And bon - ny blue - bell, We lay . . . on thine

lieu of the li - ly And bon - ny blue - bell, We lay . . . on thine

cres.

Ped.

al - tar, We lay on thine al - tar True love's im - mor -

al - tar, We lay on thine al - tar True love's im - mor -

Ped. * Ped.

DOROTHY.

Dear play-mates of child-hood, Right wel-come are you! More

telles.

telles.

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

LADY VERNON.

frag-rant than li-ly, A love that is true. Like flower am-a-ras-thioe, Whose

L.N.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

Ped.

* Ped.

DARGAS.

Right

blos-soms ne'er fade. It blooms in the sun-shine, And blooms in the shade. Right

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

wel . . . come are you, wel . . . come, wel . . . come are

wel . . . come are you, wel . . . come, wel . . . come are

Sze.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

CHORUS.

you. In lieu of the li - ly And bon - ny blue - bell, We

you. In lieu of the li - ly And bon - ny blue bell. We

Sze. *loco.*

DOROTHY & LADY V. CHORUS.

lay on thine al - tar True love's . . . im - mor - telles. Oh, wel - come! Nor

SIR GEORGE.

lay on thine al - tar True love's im mor - telles. Oh, wel - come! Nor

p

DOROTHY & LADY V. CHORUS.

DOROTHY & LADY V. CHORUS.

vio - let! Oh, wel - come! Nor li - ly! Oh, wel - come! But lay on thine al - tar True

SIR GEORGE.

SIR GEORGE.

vio - let! Oh, wel - come! Nor li - ly! Oh, wel - come! But lay on thine al - tar True

love's

im - mor - telles.

love's

im - mor - telles.

SIR GEORGE.
RECIT.*Tempo moderato.*

Wel - come, I bid ye wel - come, one and all!

Let youth and beau - ty

keep their mer-ry May ; For all too soon the leaves of autumn fall, And evening shadows quench the laughing

(No. 1b.)

MADRIGAL.

day.

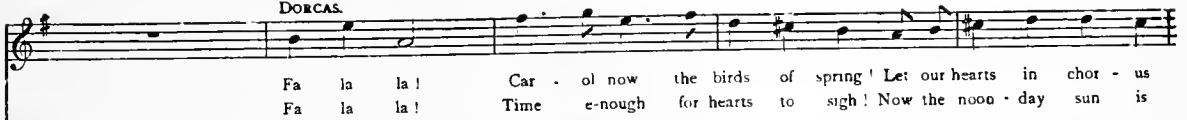
Allegretto moderato.

1. When the bud - ding bloom of May . . . Paints the hedge - rows red and white, Ga - ther then your
2. When the leaves of au - tumn sigh, . . . "Near - er death and fur - ther birth!" Time e - nough for

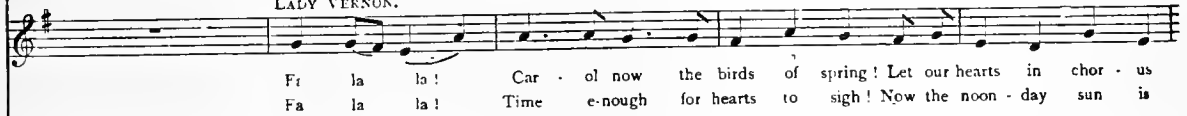
LADY VERNON. DOROTHY.

gar - lands gay, . . . Earth was made for man's de - light! May is play-time,— June is hay-time,—
hearts to cry, . . . "Man was on - ly made for earth!" Youth is plea - sant,—Grasp the pre - sent,—

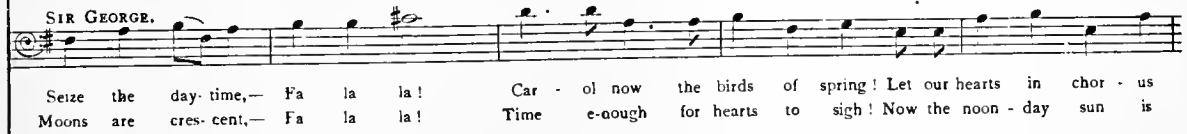
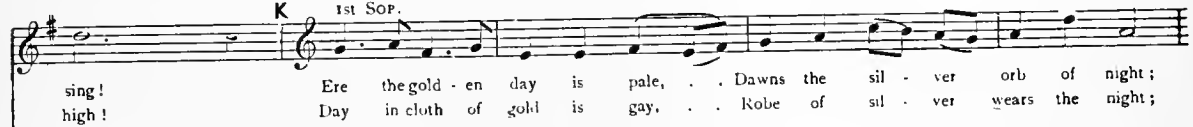
DORCAS.



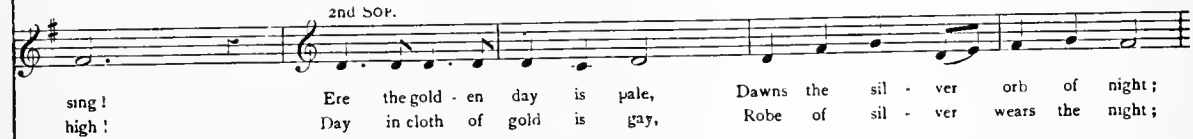
LADY VERNON.



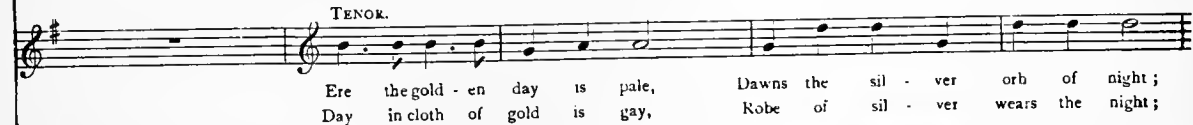
SIR GEORGE.

CHORUS.
1st SOP.

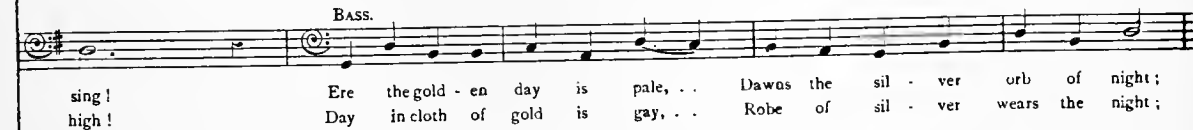
2nd SOP.



TENOR.



BASS.



Sweet - ly trills the night - in - gale, } "Earth was made for man's de - light!" Fa la
 All cre - a - tion seems to say, }

Sweet - ly trills the night - in - gale, } "Earth was made for man's de - light!" Fa la
 All cre - a - tion seems to say, }

Sweet - ly trills the night - in - gale, } "Earth was made for man's de - light!" Fa . . la .
 All cre - a - tion seems to say, }

Sweet - ly trills the night - in - gale, . . } "Earth was made for man's de - light!" Fa
 All cre - a - tion seems to say, . . }

la la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la. . . "Earth

la la la, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la. . . "Earth

la . . la . . la, Fa la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la. . . "Earth

la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la. . . "Earth

rall. 2nd time. *1st time.* *2nd time.*

was made for man's de - light ! " light ! "

was made for man's de - light ! " light ! "

was made for man's de - light ! " light ! "

was made for man's de - light ! " light ! "

rall. 2nd time.

L *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

f

Andante come primo. (♩ = ♩)

ff

Ped. *** *Ped.*

Ped. *** *Ped.*

18,348.

No. 2.

TRIO—(Dorothy, Lady V., & Sir George).

Allegro agitato.

DOROTHY.

Nay, fa - ther dear, speak not to me in

PIANO.

Ped.

* Ped.

LADY VERNON.

an - ger's cru - el tone!

By all the love she bears to thee— The

DOROTHY.

love that is thine own!

Re - - main ber all thou art to me; Re -

Ped.

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

- mem - ber all I am to thee; And mar - vel not that hearts will ache— For

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

true love's sake! For true love's sake! ^A
 LADY VERNON. SIR GEORGE.
 For true love's sake! Go, ^A
 Ped.

bid thy lov - er sheath his sword And bend his stub - horn knee; Is
 Ped.

'I thy thought for thine a - dor'd, And hast thou none for me? ⁽¹²⁾
 LADY VERNON.

true love's sake a heart will sigh! For true love's sake a heart will die! His
 SIR GEORGE. DOROTHY.
 * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

oath a sol - dier can - not break! For true love's sake! ^{For}
 LADY VERNON. ^{For}
 Ped.

B

true love's sake! A heart will break! For
 true love's sake! For true love's sake a heart will sigh, a heart will
 SIR GEORGE
 For true love's sake a heart will die, will

cres. *f*

true love's sake! For true love's sake! A
 sigh! For true love's sake! For true love's sake heart will
 die! For true love's sake! For true love's sake a heart will

dim. *p* *cres.*

heart will break! For true
 sigh! A heart will break! For true
 die! For true love's sake a heart, For true

f *A*

Ped. * Ped. *

love's sake will break, will break! For true

love's sake will break, will break! For

love's sake will ache, will ache! For

love's sake!

true love's sake!

true love's sake!

ff

Ped. * Ped.

* Ped.

dim. *p*

Ped.

No. 3.

DUET—(Dorothy & Lady Vernon).

Andante espressivo
DOROTHY.

Mo-ther, dear-est mo-ther, Heark-en un-to me, Think not that an-o-ther Draws my heart from thee.

PIANO. *p*

Tho' each day I know him Bright-er shines the sun, All the love I owe him Roh-beth thee . . of none.

His I seem to bor-row, All mine own is thine : In my vir-gin sor-row Help me, mo-ther mine!

D

LADY VERNON.

Were but I a-bove him, Sim-ple were his task ; Doth my daugh-ter love him ? That is all I ask.

Were but I a-bove him, Stran-ger tho' he be, If my daugh-ter love him, Son he is to me ! Whether wife or maid-en,

cres. *p*

Whether wife or

All my heart is thine; Joy or sor-row la-den, Thou art daugh-ter mine! Whe-ther

p

Ped. * Ped. *

maid en, Thou art mo-ther mine; . . . Joy or sor-row la-den,

wife or maid-en. Thou art daugh-ter mine; . . . Joy or sor-row la-den,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rall.

all my heart is thine, all my heart . . . is thine, all my heart is thine!

all my heart is thine, all my heart . . . is thine, all my heart is thine!

F

Mo-ther. my own dear ma-ther, Both of our lives en-twine! Could'st thou have wed an-o-ther, Had

such a love been thine? Oh, mo-ther dear, I love him so, No doubt or

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

LADY VERNON,

fear . . . I seem to know! Go on thy way with

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

glad . . . ness! hap-pi-ly live the wife!

leave to me the sad - ness, And leave to me the strife.

Ped.

G

Whe-ther wife or maid - en, Thou art mo - the mine; . . Joy or sor-row la-den,

Whe - ther wife or maid - en, Thou art daugh-ter mine; . . Joy or sor-row la-den,

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

rall.

'll my heart is thine, all my heart . . . is thine, all my heart is thine!

rall.

All my heart is thine, all my heart . . is thine, all my heart is thine!

colla voce.

pp

Ped.

No. 4.

SONG—(Oswald)—with CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *ff*

Rib-bons to sell, ribbons to sell!

Rib-bons to tie up our hair!

Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

1! 1!

1! 1!

19.244

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a chorus section in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro vivace'. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, and the vocal line is in the right hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes lyrics for the chorus and verses. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with many chords and single notes. The vocal part has a melody that is easy to sing. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the chorus and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The second system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'Rib-bons to sell, ribbons to sell!' and the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line with lyrics 'Rib-bons to tie up our hair!' and 'Who'll buy? Who'll buy?' and the piano accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line.

I! and

I! I! I as well! I as well! And now for the fun of the fair!

I as well! I as well! And now for the fun of the fair!

mf

Ped.

*

A

Rib-bons to sell, rib-bons to sell! Rib-bons to tie up our hair! . . Who'll buy? I! I!

Who'll

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

I! I! Who'll buy? and I as well! Who'll buy? I! I! and I as well! And now for the

buy?

Who'll buy? I! I! and I as well! And now for the

Ped.

*

B

fun, the fun of the fair !

fun, the fun of the fair !

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

OSWALD.

1. Come, sim-ples and gen-tles, and ga-ther ye round, And for your at-ten-tion I'll thank-ee ; I
2. My pri-ces are low and my deal-ings are cash, So your pock-ets I won't dip in deep-ly ; Thro'

sell by the pes ny-weight, pot-tle and pound, Wares Eng-lish, French, Ger-man and Yan-kee. I've
buy-ing my stock at a great Lon-don smash I am a-ble to sell ve-ry cheap-ly. So

wares for the young, nor left out in the cold Are their el - ders, the more is the pi - ty, For I
bid for it bold - ly, but please hear in mind That the rule of cash down is "*de ri - gueur*." The

can't help re - mark - ing you're none of, you old, And no - ting you're all of you pret - ty!
price of each ar - ti - cle, la - dies, you'll find, Has been marked in a ve - ry plain fi - gure.

I've ar - ti - cles suit - ed to ev - e - ry taste And ev - 'ry des - crip - tion of weather; If
A com - plaint the pro - pri - e - tor begs to im - plore In case you're not treat - ed po - lite - ly, For

CHORUS.

a - ny fair la - dy'll o - blige with a waist, We'll try on this gir - dle to - geth - er! 1. Al
I am a kind of a tra - vel - ling store— In fact, I'm a pre - ma - ture White - ley! 2. He

D

though on his back he may car - ry a pack, He has hands of a won - der - ful white-ness ; And
bought up a great met - ro - pol - i - tan smash At a sa - cri - fice tru - ly a - larm - ing ; He

though on his back he may car - ry a pack, He has hands of a won - der - ful white-ness ; And
bought up a great met - ro - pol - i - tan smash At a sa - cri - fice tru - ly a - larm - ing ; He

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1st time.

this sym - pa - thet - ic young pe - ri - pa - tet - ic A pa - ra - gon is of po - lite-ness !
does-n't de - duct a - ny discount for cash, But his manners are per - fect - ly

this sym - pa - thet - ic young pe - ri - pa - tet - ic A pa - ra - gon is of po - lite-ness !
does-n't de - duct a - ny discount for cash, But his manners are per - fect - ly

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

2nd time.

charm - ing !

charm - ing !

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

E

OSWALD.

3. Now is - n't that beau - ti - ful? is - n't that

p

nice? When I tell you the ar - ti - cle's Ger - man, You'll know it could on - ly be

p

sold at the price Thro a grand in - ter - na - tion - al fir - man. A still great - er bar - gain !

p

An ar - ti - cle French. When I say it's of French man - u -

pad

- fac-ture, I mean that if worn by a beau-ti-ful wench, A heart it is cer-tain to frac-ture. But

p

here is the prize— on-ly tup-pence— pure gold!

f

When I men-tion the ar-ti-cle's Yan-kee, Well, no-bo-dy then will re-

- quire to be told That there can't be the least han-ky-pan-ky! Who'll buy? Who'll buy? A

CHORUS.

Not I! Not I!

Not I! Not I!

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

19,848.

chance like this you must - n't miss!

Oh, yes! oh, yes! the chance we'll miss! For we've been told, a - las! That

Oh, yes! oh, yes! the chance we'll miss! For we've been told, a - las! That

what is sold as Yan - kee gold Is some - times Yan - kee brass!

what is sold as Yan - kee gold Is some - times Yan - kee brass!

Ped.

No. 5.

DUET—(Dorcas & Oswald).

Allegro con brio.

OSWALD.

1. The
2. No

PIANO.

p

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

sun's in the sky, and The grass in the ground; Na-ture ma-ter - nal, Pla-cid, su-per - nal, Spreadeth her ver - nal
grace is in grief, and No vir - tue in tears! Come what may af - ter, Youth and its laugh - ter Pierc-ing the raf - ter,

DORCAS.

Man - tle a - round, 'Tis i - dle re - pin - ing, When sum - mer is gay;
Glad - den the spheres! To - mor row we'll sor - row, But now let us sing!

Ped. *

When from her cot - fers Jew - els she of - fers, Scorn not her prof - fers, Say her not nay!
Hap - py to - day he, Joy - ous and gay be, Pluck - ing while may be Blos - soms of spring!

Ped.

OSWALD.

While morn-ing is shin-ing, Your gar-lands en-twine; Ere eve-ning clo - ses, Ga - ther your po - sies,
 Each gift of cre - a - tion Is hea-ven's en - voy; Ne'er a bud spring - eth, Ne'er a bird sing - eth,

* Ped. * Ped. *

foro cres.

DORCAS.

While yet it is day-light, Re - joice in the day;
 Oh! list to the mes-sage The hemi - i - sphere's voice.

Jas - mine and ro - ses, Sweet eg - lan - tine!
 But to earth bring - eth Ti - dings of joy!

Ped. * Ped. *

Nought to re - pent of, Breath be con - tent of, Fra-grant with scent of New ly - mown
 "Pol - ly is sad - ness, Mis - er - y, mad - ness, Ho - ly is glad - ness—Thine is the

cres.

hay!
 choice!" : : : }

Night will come soon e - ough—Star-light nor moon e - ough!

OSWALD.

Night will come

1st time. 2nd time.

gay! Let us be gay, . . . be gay!
 joice! Let us re-joice, . . . re-joice!

joyce! Night will come
 - joice! Night will come

Ped. *

soon e-nough, Star-light nor moon e-nough! While there is noon e-nough, Let us re-joice!

soon e-nough, Star-light nor moon e-nough! While there is noon e-nough, Let us re-joice!

cres. *f*

Ped.

* Ped. *

8ve. *12ve.*

p

No. 6.

RECIT.—(Dorothy, Dorcas, & Oswald).

Andante con moto.

DORCAS. *RECIT.*

My

p

a tempo.

OSWALD. * *RECIT.* *a tempo.*

mis - tress comes. Thy - self thy mis - sive give. Ma - dam, I bow.

p

DOROTHY. *RECIT.* OSWALD. *a tempo.*

Sir, who art thou? Ser - vant of one whose name I must not tell. This from his hand—and

from his heart as well.

pp *cres. e accel.*

No. 7

TRIO—(Dorothy, Dorcas, & Oswald).

Allegretto moderato.

DOROTHY.

Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say, What is a maid to

PIANO. *p*

do, Wheo heart says "Go," and du - ty "Stay," And she'd to both be

true? Oh, tell me, what is a maid to say? Shall it be rice or

rue? When heart says "Yea," and du - ty "Nay," What is a maid to

un poco rit.

un poco rit.

A a tempo.

do? Ah! Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to

a tempo.

colla voce.

true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

which be true? When a maid - en wa - vers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or

Ped.

rit. **B**

rue? Shall it be rice or rue?

rit. rue? Shall it be rice or rue?

rit. rue? Shall it be rice or rue? **OSWALD.** Thou ask est what is a

a tempo.

rit. *p*

maid to say What is a maid to do? I an - swer, if her

DORCAS. C

heart say yea, Her du - ty says so too. I can but tell thee what

I should say, Tell thee what I should do; I'd go in show'rs of

rice a way, And leave be hind the rue! Ah!

Ah!

D

Yea or nay? Go or nay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

Yea or nay? Go or stay? To which be false, to which be true? When a

a tempo.

Ped. *

maid - en wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

maid - en wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

maid - er. wav - ers 'twixt yea and nay— Shall it be rice or rue?

rit.

Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?

rit.

Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?

rit.

Shall it be rice or rue? Yea or nay?

rit. *p*

Ped. *

rit.

Go or stay? Rice or rue?

rit.

Go or stay? Rice or rue?

rit.

Go or stay? Rice or rue?

rit.

a tempo.

Ped.

No. 8.*

SONG—(Manners).

Allegro moderato. *p* MANNERS.

1. The earth is fair And a beau - ty rare Be - span - gles lake and
 2. When pale a - far Is the even - ing star— Sweet or - phan of the

PIANO. *p*

lea, Ere day is done And the set - ting sun Dips down be - neath the sea; . . But
 night!— Cre - a - tion sleeps, But its spi - rit keeps Her vir - gin lamp a - light; . . Yet

nev - er a sun in the skies a - far Bright as the eyes of my la - dy are, My la - dy who loves
 nev - er a star in the heav'ns a - bove Pure as the soul of my la - dy love, Pure as the troth I

me! . . . Where in the shin - ing frame a - bove, Where in the great de - sign, . .
 plight! . . . Where in the shin - ing frame on high, Where in the great de - sign, . .

p

Where in the world is found a love Like un - to mine and thine? Like un - to thine and
Where is the love in earth or sky Like un - to thine and mine? Like un - to mine and

cres. *dim.*

Ped.

1st time.

mine, love! Like un - to mine and thine!
thine, love! Like un - to thine and

2nd time.

mine! . . . Like un - to thine . . . and . . . mine? To

mine and thine, Oh love, Oh love, Like un - to thine and mine!

cres. *mf*

Ped.

(No. 8a.) DUET.—(Dorothy and Manners).

*Andante.**p*

DOROTHY.

Sweet - ly the morn. doth break, When love is nigh; Hues of the rain - bow take Land - scape and sky;

Gai - ly the sun doth shine O - ver my head; High heaven it - self is mine, Sor - row is dead.

Ev - er for thy dear sake Hap - py am I; Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is

MANNERS.

Aigh! In my life's cha - lice, love,

f *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

DOROTHY.

Now shines the sun . . . a - bove, Now thou art mine!

Thou art the wine! . . . To my life's

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Now shines the sun a - bove, Now shines the sun a - bove, Now thou art mine! Now thou art

cha - lice, love, To my life's cha - lice, love, Thou art the wine! Ah, love, thou art the

cres.

mae ! Hues of the rain-bow take Land - scape and sky ;
 wine ! Hues of the rain-bow take Land - scape and sky ;

dim. *p* *cres.*
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break,
 Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break,

dim. *p*
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh, is nigh !
 When love is nigh ! Sweet - ly the morn doth break, When love is nigh, is nigh !

pp
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

(No. 8a.)

SONG—(Dorothy).

RECIT.

"Why weep and wait? Why he - si - tate? Too soon is bet - ter than too

PIANO. *p*

Lento.

late!" Ah, yes, I wait; but do not weep— Thy love has rock'd my tears to

Lento.

Allegretto leggiero.

sleep. Red of the rose - bud, White of the Breast of the ro - bin, Why dost thou

Allegretto leggiero.

f *dim.* *p*

May, Why are ye fra - grant? Why are ye gay? . . .

blush? Whence is thy mu - sic, Throat of the thrush? . . .

cres. *dim.*

A

Why are ye blithe as blithe can be? Whis - per your se - cret low to me!
 Why do ye flit from tree to tree? War - ble your se - cret low to me!

p

Why do ye droop when day is done? Is it be-cause ye love the sun?
 Why do ye roam the sky a - bove? Is it in search of your true love?

B

Why do ye smile thro' tears of dew? . . . Is it be-cause the sun loves
 Why do ye build your - selves a nest? . . . Is it be-cause your love is

un poco rit.

a tempo.

you?
 blest? Red of the rose - bud, White of the May, That is ycer
 Breast of the ro - bin, Why dost thou blush? Where is thy

f a tempo. *p*

se - cret, Tell me not nay. Sing . . . the old song that for ev - er is
ma - sic. Throat of the thrush? Fear . . . not to whis - per thy se - cret to

cres. *f*

new, . . . Ye love your love, . . . And your love loves you. . . .
me, . . . Thou lov'st thy love, . . . And thy love loves thee. . .

dim. *p* *cres.*

Sing . . . the old song that for ev - er is new, . . . Ye love your
Fear . . . not to whis - per thy se - cret to me, . . . Thou lov'st thy

f *dim.*

love, And your love . . loves you! . .
love, And thy love . . loves

rall. *a tempo.* *1st time.* *3* *3* *3* *a tempo.* *f* *p* *rall.*

2nd time.
un poco più vivo.

thee! . . .

un poco più vivo.

Red of the rose - bud, White haw-thorn bush,

Breast of the ro - bin, Song of the thrush, I am as hap-py, as hap-py as

ye, I love my love, and my love loves me, I love my love, . . . I love my

love, And my love loves me, My love . . . loves me!

ad lib.

a tempo.

mf

colla voce.

a tempo.

ff

Ped.

No. 9.

ENTRANCE OF PURITANS.

Andante pesante.

PURITANS.

Down with

PIANO.

*f**mf*

prin - ces, down with peo - ples! Down with church - es, down with stee - ples! Down with love and down with mar - riage! Down with

all who keep a car - riage! Down with lord and down with la - dy— Up with ev - ry - thing that's sha - dy!

p

Ped.

Down with life and down with laughter !

Down with land - lords, down with

Ped. *

land !

Whom the soil be - longs to af - ter

We could nev - er un - der -

stand !

Plea - sure— we can do with - out it ;

Down with court and down with

king ;

And— just while we are a bout it— Down with ev - 'ry bles - sed thing !

No. 10.

SONG—(Rupert).

Allegretto.

PIANO.

f *p*

1. I've heard it said, And it
2. Ex - am - ples show That we

may be read In ma - ny a trus - ty tome, How, when au - gurs met On the par - a - pet Of the walls of an - cient
need - n't go So far as to an - cient Rome, For it just oc - curs Un - to me, good sirs, There are hum bugs near - er

Rome, As the two passed by, Each winked an eye With a can - dour con - fi - den - tial, Or stroked his nose—Which,
home. When you style the spheres A vale of tears, Don't you ra - ther beg the ques - tion? Re - mem - ber, bards, It's

goodness knows—But it is - n't at all es - sen - tial. For ev - 'ry man, Since the world be - gan, Had his i - di - o - sy - n - c - r - a -
on the cards, It is nothing but in - di - ges - tion. For ev - 'ry man, Since the world be - gan, Had his lit - tle in - firm - i -

see, And to lunch off a moan, And to dine on a groan With a trick-ling tear for tea— Well, it may suit you From
- tee, And is apt to mis-take What is oo - ly an ache For pro - found phil - o - so - phie. He is not the sphinx He sub-

ad lib.
your point of view, But it doesn't at all suit me! As I don't re-joice In a deep bass voice—Well, it doesn't at all suit }
- lime - ly thinks, But a man very much like me! Not a de - mon fell, Or an arch - an - gel, But a man very much like }

rit.

a tempo.
me! Tho' the world be bad, It's the best to be had; And there-fore Q. E. D.; Tho' it mayn't suit you And a

p a tempo.

cho - sen few, It's a good e - nough world for me, It's a good e - nough world for

1st time.

2nd time.
me! good e - nough world for me!

p

No. 11.

FINALE ACT I.

Allegretto vivace.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (*) are placed below the left staff to indicate where the sustain pedal should be used.

CHORUS. SOPRANOS.
TENORS & BASSES.

The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth To meet the bon - ny

The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth To meet the bon - ny

This section contains four vocal staves. The top two staves are for Sopranos and Tenors & Basses, respectively. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment for the vocalists. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

bride. . . Let all the gates of Had - don Their por - tals

bride. . . Let all the gates of Had - don Their por - tals

This section continues the vocal staves from the previous system. It includes the same vocal parts and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics 'bride. . . Let all the gates of Had - don Their por - tals' repeated.

o - pen wide! — . . . The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth— Your

o - pen wide! — The bon - ny bride - groom com - eth— Your

Ped. * Ped. *

breath to - geth - er draw! . . . Pre - pare to bid him

breath to - geth - er draw! . . . Pre - pare to bid him

Allegro moderato. RUPERT.

wel - come With a hip, hip, hip— oh, law! Our first up

wel - come With a hip, hip, hip— oh, law!

Ped. *sf*

SIMEON. NICODERMUS. BARNABAS.

pear - ance is not a suc - cess. Well, not a tri - umph. A suc - cès d'es - time. Or

* Ped. *

B RUPERT.

less. La - dies, fair, I pray you, Do not be a - fraid; Let us not dis - may you,

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

PURITANS. CHORUS.

We but ply our trade. Do not so dis - dain us, We but ply our trade! Tho' the ob - jects pain us,

Tho' the ob - jects pain us,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

C RUPERT.

They but ply their trade. Once we close the por - tals, Once we shut the shop, We're like o - ther mor - tals,

They but ply their trade.

Ped. * Ped.

CHORUS.

Out up - on the hop!

Once they close the por - tals, Once they shut the shop,

PURITANS.

Out up - on the hop!

Once they close the por - tals, Once they shut the shop,

*

Ped.

*

* Ped.

*

They're like o - ther mor - tals, Out up - on the hop! Once they close the por - tals, They're like o - ther

They're like o - ther mor - tals, Out up - on the hop! Once they close the por - tals, They're like o - ther

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

RUFERT.

mor - tals, o - ther mor - tals, Out up - on the hop!

I pray you, pret - ty la - dies, Be - fore this audience eods, To

mor - tals, o - ther mor - tals, Out up - on the hop!

let me do the hon-ours And in - tro - duce my friends.

Allegretto tempo.
Sing - Song Sim - e - on.

mf

Ni - co - de - mus Knock - knee.

Bar - na - bas Bel - lows - to - Mend.

F CHORUS.

Kill - Joy Can - die - mas. E-nough! e-nough! we have suf-fer'd ga-lore, We

E-nough! e-nough! we have suf-fer'd ga-lore, We

f *f*

can-not suf-fer more! Oh, let's see the back of you, Ev-'ry man-jack of you, All of you sil-lies and all of yousights! The

can-not suf-fer more! Oh, let's see the back of you, Ev-'ry man-jack of you, All of you sil-lies and all of yousights! The

Ped. * Ped. *

sort of old fo-gies That bob up like bo-gies, And keep one a-wake in the dead ol the nights! Get a

sort of old fo-gies That bob up like bo-gies, And keep one a-wake in the dead of the nights!

Ped. * Ped. *

- way! get a - way! get a - way! get a - way! get a - way!

Get a - way! get a - way! get a - way! get a - way! get a - way!

dim.

RUPERT. **G**

Be - tween our-selves, I can - did - ly con - fess, That I ex - pect - ed nei - ther more nor less.

p

My faith-ful friends, I do not mind con - fess - ing To all of you, whom I am now ad -

- dress - ing, That, as a lot, you are not pre-pos - sess - ing. It's no use blink - ing it!

PURITANS.

We were, ust

RUPERT.

La-dies, pret-ty la-dies, se- cond thoughts are best ; Preg-nant is the pro-verb,

think ing it !

time's the on - ly test. Come, la - dies fair Beyond compare, And list to my con - fes - sions ; Be warn'd by me, And nev - er be dc -

CHORUS.

- ciev'd by first im-pres-sions. Come, la - dies fair, Be-yood compare—And list to his con - fes - sions.

Go, la - dies fair, Be-yond com-pare—And list to my con - fes - sions.

(No. 11a.)

SONG—(Rupert).

Andante con espress.

RUPERT.

When I was but a lit - tle lad, And cake and tof - fee made me glad, And

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

high the sun at noon! . . My mo - ther came to me, one day, When I was in the

p *p*

field at play, With jam up - on a spoon. It look'd so nice, I

thought not twice, The jam had van - ish'd in a trice— Quite frank are these con - fes - sions! A -

las, the jam con - ceal'd a pill Which made me ve - ry, ve - ry ill— De - ceived by first im -

cres. *p*

CHORUS. *f*

- pres-sions! Oh, joy! the jam con - ceal'd a pill Which made him ve - ry, ve - ry ill— De -

Oh, joy! the jam con - ceal'd a pill Which made him ve - ry, ve - ry ill— De -

f

RUPERT.

- ceived by first im - pres-sions! Quoth Doc - tor Syn - tax, one fine day, "Ru - pert, I have a

- ceived by first im - pres-sions!

cres.

word to say." (I had just told a cram!) . So ten - der - ly he took my hand, His

p *p*

tone was so po - lite and bland, I fol - low'd like a lamb. Bot

once up - stairs his man - ner freez'd, And all at once he seem'd dis - pleas'd, As with Æ - ne - as,

Di - do! Then, quick as thought he seiz'd a birch And fair - ly knock'd me off my perch—

Whack, whack, whack-fol-de-rid-dle - i - do! Now, la - dies fair Be - yond com - pare, Be warn'd by

CHORUS. TENORS. *pp*

Whack-fol-de-rid-dle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-rid-dle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle-

BASSES. *pp*

Whack-fol-de-rid-dle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-rid-dle - i - do!

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

my . . . con - fessions; You sure - ly see The va - ni ty Of trust - ing

SOPRANOS.

You sure - ly see The va - ni - ty Of trust - ing

TENORS.

i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle - i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle - i - do!

BASSES.

Whack-fol-de-riddle-i - do! Whack - fol-de-riddle-i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle-i - do! Whack-fol-de-riddle-i - do!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

first im - pres - sions, Whack, whack, whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do!

first im - pres - sions, Whack, whack, whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do!

i - do! Whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do! Whack, whack, whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do!

Whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do! Whack, whack, whack - fol - de - rid - dle - i - do!

Ped.

Allegretto con brio.

PIANO

f

SIR GEORGE.

Hail, cou - sin Ru - pert, wel - come to our heart!

Moderato.

RUPERT.

Tho' scarce we know thee in this hab - it home - ly.

It doth not suit me, but be - fore we

*fp**f*

LADY VERNON.

RUPERT.

part I be to change it for a garb more come - ly.

A bride groom's? Aye, if

p

SIR GEORGE.

this sweet maid - en wills. This mai - den, aye, her fa - thers wish ful - fils.

Andante con espressione.
RUFERT!

SIR GEORGE.

Cou - sin fair, to thee I of - fer Soul and bo - dy, heart and hand. In ex -

LADY VERNON.

- change, to thee we prof - fer Beau - ty, du - ty, house and land. Hus - band, hear me I hus - band,

lis - ten! Let our daugh - ter's heart re - ply. In her eyes the tear - drops glis - ten. If she

DOROTHY.

wed him, she will die! Fa-ther, hear me; fa-ther, lis-ten! If I wed him, I shall

die! Fa-ther, hear . . . me, hear . . . me; If I wed . . . him, I shall die! Fa-ther, hear me,

DORCAS.

On-ly hear her, on-ly lis-ten! If she wed him, she will die! On-ly hear her,

LADY VERNON.

Hus-band, hear her, . . husband, hear her: . . If she wed him, she will die! On-ly hear her,

RUPERT.

Cousin fair, to thee I of-fer Soul and bo-dy, heart and hand, heart and hand, heart and soul and

SIR GEORGE.

If she wed him, she will die, will die! . . . If she wed, if she wed him,

CHORUS. *cres.*

If she

If she

If she

fa - ther, hear me; For . . . if I wed . . . him, I shall die!

on - ly hear her; For if she wed him, . . . she will die!

hus - band, hear her; For if she wed him, . . . she will die!

hand, heart and soul and hand, soul and bo - - dy, . . . heart and soul!

if she wed him, If she wed him, . . . she will die!

wed . . . him, If she wed him, . . . she will die!

wed him, If she wed him, . . . she will die!

f rit. dim.
Ped. *

(No. 11b.)

SONG—(Dorothy).

Moderato.

DOROTHY.

When, yes - ter - eve, I knelt to pray, As thou hast taught me

to, I seem'd to hear the an - gels say, "To thine own heart be true." Heav'n

L
breath'd a mes - sage thro' the sphere! Heav'n breathes it ev - 'ry day, To all who have the

ears to hear, The wis - dom to o - bey. By gold - en day and sil - ver night It

rings all na - ture through; For ev - er, in the an - gels' sight, To thine own heart be

M
true. Tho' storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses

grew; Come sun or snow, Come weal or woe, To thine own heart, to thine own heart be

cres. *colla voce.* *dim.*

Ped. CHORUS. * Ped.

true! Tho' storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew; Come

Tho' storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew; Come

DOROTHY. *rall.* Ped. *
DORCAS. To thine own heart, to thine own heart . . . he true!

LADY V. To thine own heart, to thine own heart . . . be true!

To thine own heart, . . . to thine own heart . . . be true!
To thine own heart, . . . to thine own heart . . . be true!

sun or snow, Come weal or woe, To thine *rall.* own heart . . . be true!

sun or snow, Come weal or woe, To thine own heart . . . be true!

rall.

DOROTHY. *ad lib.* SIR GEORGE. Ped. * Ped. *
Fa - ther, for - give! *Allegro molto con brio.* RECIT. Rise! to thy chamber, thou re-bel-lious maid! My

f *fp*

Molto vivace.

Fa - ther, for - give !

will is law, and law must be o-beyed. I ask not words of du - ty, I ask

Molto vivace.

p

DOROTHY.

Fa - ther, for - give !

DORCAS.

Sweet mis-tress, all my heart is thine !

LADY V.

She doth but stay Fare-well to say !

SIR GEORGE.

deeds. A - way, a - way ! No long-er art thou daughter

p

RUPERT.

We are re - fus'd ! A plague up - on our na - tal

SIR GEORGE.

mine !

p

Hur-ray ! hur - ray ! Oh, bless - ed day !

Hur-ray ! hur - ray ! Oh, bless - ed day !

PURITANS.

We are ! we are ! A plague up - on our na - tal

p

p

p

DOROTHY.

DORCAS & LADY VERNON.

Sir, I o - bey!

RUPERT.

Oh, fate - ful

star! We are re-fus'd! We are, we are, we are re - fus'd!

SIR GEORGE.

CHORUS.

A - way! a - way!

My word o - bey!

p A - way! a - way!

His word o -

PURITANS.

A - way! a - way!

His word o -

star! We are re-fus'd! We are, we are,

we are, ac

Sir, I o - bey!

ff My du - ty, with un -

day! Oh, fate - ful day!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -

Dis-may! dis-may! Oh, fate - ful day!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -

A - way! a - way! my word o - bey!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -

- bey! A - way! a - way! his word o - bey!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -

- bey! A - way! a - way! his word o - bey!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -

are! Oh, fate - ful day!

ff Thy du - ty, with un -*cres.*

Ped.

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! I

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! It

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! It

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! It

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! It

er - ring hand, Dic - tates the right - ful way! It

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dare not dis - o - bey! I dare not, dare . . .

is for con - science to com - mand! Dare . . .

is for con - science to com - mand! Dare . . .

is a fa - ther's to com - mand! Dare . . .

is for con - science to com - mand! Dare . . .

is for con - science to com - mand! Dare . . .

is for con - science to com - mand! Dare . . .

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not, I dare not, I dare

DORCAS.

not to dis . . . o - bey! It is for conscience to com-mand! Thy du-ty with un - er - ring

LADY VERNON.

not to dis . . . o - bey! It is for conscience to com-mand! Thy du-ty with un - er - ring

not to dis . . . o - bey! It is a fa-ther's to com-mand! Thy du-ty with un - er - ring

not to dis . . . o - bey! Thy du . . . ty with un - er . . . ring

not to dis . . . o - bey! Thy du . . . ty with un - er . . . ring

not to dis . . . o - bey! Thy du . . . ty with un - er . . . ring

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not, I dare, dare not dis - o - bey!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way, the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way, the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way, the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way, the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way!

hand, Dic-tates the right - ful way!

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped.

ACT II.

No. 12.

INTRODUCTION & CHORUS OF PURITANS.

Allegretto.

PIANO

f

Ped.

sf

Ped.

Sve.

f *dim.* *p*

Ped. ** Ped.*

Sve. *f* *dim.* *loco.* *p*

Ped.

A *cres.*

Ped.

f *p* *cres.*

Ped. ** Ped.*

f sf sf p sf sf p sf ff dim.

A piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics range from *f* to *dim.*

B PURITANS.

Hoarse - ly the wind is howl - ing— Bit - ter - ly bites the

p

The vocal melody begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

blast— The mid - night cat is prowl - ing— The rain is fall - ing fast— But what of

The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

that? We'll back our - selves a - gainst the howl - ing wind And the noc - tur - nal

(♩ = ♩)

The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands. A tempo change is indicated by the notation (♩ = ♩).

cat— At two to one, bar none. And not a lay - er find Ev - en at

RUPERT.

that! Ev - en at that! The rain falls fast, In

PURITANS. D RUPERT.

i - cy blasts: It's the sort of day when peo - ple say It's much too bad to

last. But it lasts! It lasts! It lasts!

PURITANS. RUPERT. RUPERT & PURITANS.

No. 13.

SONG—(McCrankie).

Andante comodo.

McCRANKIE.

1. My name it is Mc-Cran-kie, I am lean an' langan' lan-ky, I'm a Moo-dy an' a Sankey, Wound up -
 2. I'd pit - a stap tae jok - in', An' I wad - na' sanction smokin'; An' my nose I wad be pok - in' In - to

PIANO.

pp

o' a Scot - tish reel! Pe - dan - tic an' punc - tee - li - ous, Se - vere ad' sup - er - cee - li - ous, Pre -
 il - ka bo - dy's way. I'd use my pow'r cen - so - ri - al in man - ner dic - ta - to - ri - al; To

ceese an' at - ra - bee - li - ous—But mean - in' ve - ra weel. I don't ob - jec tae whis - key, But I
 nae - bo - dy's me - mo - ri - al At - ten - tion wad I pay; I'd stap the kit - tens' play - in', An' for -

say a' songs are ris - ky, An I think a' dan - ces fris - ky, An' I've pit the fuit - lights oot! I
 hid the hor - ses' neigh - in', But oh, not the ass - 's bray - in', For I love the ass - 's bray!

am the maist dog-mat - i - cal, Three - cor - ner'd, au - to - crat - i - cal, Fu - ne - re - al, fa - na - ti - cal, O' am the maist me - chan - i - cal, Of - fee - cious, pu - ri - tan - i - cal, Prag - ma - tic an' ty - ran - ni - cal Pro -

a' the cranks a - boot ! . . . duc - tion o' the day ! . . .

1st time. 2nd time.

NO. 14.

DUET—(Rupert & McCrankie).

Allegretto.

PIANO

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

There's no one by—no pry-ing eye—Our sol-emn se-cret ta-es-py—So

RUPERT.

McC.

let us plain-ly say—

Could we cre-ate the world a-new,—What

BOTH.

RUPERT.

we wad-ve-ra quick-ly do.—If we but had our way!

Like

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

Josh - ua, we would stop the sun—The tbing is ve - ra sim - ply done— If we but had our way! . . .

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

We'd pit an end tae heat an' licht—An' bring a boot e - ter - nal night— If

RUPERT.

McC.

we but bad our way! . . . We'd su - per - vise the plants and flow'rs—Pre

BOTH.

RUPERT.

scribe 'em ear - ly - clos - in' hours—If we but had our way! . . . We

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

would for - bid the rose to smell—We'd re - in - state the cur - few bell— If we but bad our way! . . .

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

No man, in in - flu - en - za's throes, Suld be al - lo'ed tae blaw his nose— If

we but had our way!

No cock should crow, no bird should sing,—Nae

- bu - dy suld dae o - ny - thing—With - out our li - cense sig'o'd and seal'd: For we wad do - mi - nate mon - kind— If

we but had our way!

RUPERT.

BOTH.

We were not, thro' some freak of earth, Con - sul - ted at the plan - et's birth—Tho'

McCRANKIE.

we'd a lot to say!

Had we been on cre a - tion's scene, A

BOTH.

RUPERT.

great im - provement there'd ha' been— If we'd but had our way!

But

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

some-how we were clean for - got, That's why we'll make things pip - ing hot— And ye the pi - per pay. . . .

McCRANKIE.

RUPERT.

BOTH.

... We'll tax ye oop an' tax ye doon, We'll tax the coun-try, tax the toon,— If

RUPERT.

McC

we but have our way! We'll tax ye hip, and tax ye thigh,— An

BOTH.

RUPERT.

sen' the rate-book oop lift-high,—And cry, hur-ray, hur-ray! An'

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

what be-comes o' sci-ence, art. The law, the tem-ple an' the mart—We nae-ther ken nor care!

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

We on - ly know, as sure as shot—Wha pays his scot an' bears his tot— A

RUPERT.

McC.

lot will have to bear! We on - ly know, our lack of sense Is

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

BOTH.

in - con - cei - va - bly im - mense! And now, we hope, ye plain - ly see That ye are big - ger fools than we— If

we but have our way!

No 15.

TRIO—(Dorcas, Rupert, & McCrankie).

Allegro moderato.

PIANO. *p*

RUPERT. MCCRANKIE.

1. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, what's a kiss? 'Tis nae ve - ra shock - in'!

2. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, who's a - fraid? When there's nae ane leuk - in'!

3. Hoi - ty - toi - ty, what's an oath? Eyes were made for hook - io'!

RUPERT. MCCRANKIE. DORCAS.

Do not take the thing a - miss! Lass, there's nae ane leuk - in'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,

I could ne'er re - sist a maid— When she shows her stock - io'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,

We are ve - ry hu - man, both— When there's nae ane leuk - in'! Hoi - ty - toi - ty,

RUPERT. MCCRANKIE.

what's a kiss? Kiss - ing goes by fa - vour! And when the kiss Is a sto - len bliss— The

man, be mum! Hast thou had a glas - sie? My friend hath come From the Isle of Rum— An'

things have come To a pret - ty pas - sie! The Isle of Rum Is a tri - fle glum— An'

DORCAS

sweet - er is the sa - vour!
 thou'rt a braw, wee las - sie!
 thou'rt a bon - ny las - sie!

Up - on my word, nev - er heard A
 Be - have thy - self, Thou High - land elf, Thy
 Thou hor - rid thing! Thou High - land fling! I'm

ALL THREE.

state - ment more sur - pris - ing! Aren't ye a - fraid Of with a maid Your con - science com - pro - mis - ing? Up -
 con - duct is past bear - ing; I thought ye both Had ta - ken oath, Fri - vol - i - ty for - swear - ing. Like
 sure thou'st had a glas - sie! I won't by you—Or a - ny two—Be call'd a hon - ny las - sie! Dor. } Oh,
 RUP. & McC. } Oh,

- on a light And star - ry night, { We might } con - sult the lat - ter; But when the maid Is in the shade, It's
 ev - 'ry man, A Pu - ri - tan Ad - mires a waist that's ta - per, And on the sly Will wink his eye, And
 hist and whist! Now, do de - sist, Or I'll cre - ate a clat - ter! Do set me free, And let me be, And
 hist and whist! Now, don't re - sist! Why make so great a clat - ter? There's none to see, So what the d—, The

quite an - o - ther mat - ter!
 cut his lit - tle ca - per!
 cease your sil - ly chat - ter!
 de' - il doth it mat - ter!

No. 16.

FINALE ACT II.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

p *p* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

Ped.

DORCAS.

The West wind howls, The thun - der rolls, But love keeps warm . . . my heart! . . .

p *p* *cres.*

Ped.

Oh, mis tress dear, To - night and here, Sweet mis - tress, must we

dim. *p*

* Ped. *

OSWALD.

A

part? The hor-ses are sad-dled and dark is the night, The stars in the fir - ma-ment

pp

fa-vour our flight ; Each plan-et its splendour hath gra-cious-ly veiled, And the chaste moon her-self . . . her ef -

DORCAS.

ful - gence hath paled. But the plan-ets are there, Tho' their glo-ry they hide ; Tho'a

B

mask they may wear, They will smile on the bride ! The stars keep their vi - gils a - bove her ! Oh,

OSWALD.

Os - wald, dear Os - wald, I love her ! . . . Ah, hap - py

p cres.

maid, A wife so soon to be! To be be-lov'd By one . . . so fair . . . as

dim.

C DORCAS.

thee! Not now! not now! To love's sweet vow I'll lis - ten all . . . life

dolce.

long; Sing, love, to me, And thine I'll be, And live . . . up - on thy song; But

sing not now! If they should take her— If they should pur - sue— Do not for .

- sake her, Oh, my lov - er true! Promise me, Os - wald, promise thy bride, That, if thou leav'st me a maid for - lorn To weep the

day that I e'er was born, . . . Thou wilt not leave her side! I

OSWALD.

D DORCAS.

Now art thou mine, . . . For ev - er mine!

swear! And I for ev - er thine!

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MANNERS (Off).

Flash, light ning, flash, And roll, thou thun - der, roll ! The hea - vens

f *p*

crash, But peace is in my soul ; For love . . is there, Se - rene and blest, . . Se -

p

- rene and blest, And ev - 'ry - - where . . Where love . . . is, . . there . . .

E

DORCAS.

Flash, light - ning, flash, And

(Enter MANNERS.)

is rest.

Flash, light - ning, flash, And roll, thouthun - der,

OSWALD.

Flash, light - ning, flash, And

p *cres.*

sf

p

Ped.

* Ped.

roll, thou thun - der, roll ! Thou canst not crush, thou canst not crush ! . . .

roll ! Thou canst not crush ! Love reigns from pole to pole ! . . . And through the

roll, thou thun - der, roll ! Thou canst not crush, thou canst not crush ! . . .

p

For love is there, . . . And ev - 'ry - where . . . Where love . . .

black A - byss, the black . . . a - byss a - bove Love rolls thee back, . . . For thou . . .

For love is there, . . . And ev - 'ry - where . . . Where love . . .

is, there is rest. . . . Flash, light - ning, flash, And

thy - self . . . art love. . . . Flash, light - ning, flash, And

is, There . . . is rest. . . . Flash, light - ning, flash, And

p

Ped.

rall.

roll, thou thun - der, roll! Where love is, there is rest. . . .

rall.

roll, thou thun - der, roll! Where love is there is rest. . . .

rall.

roll, thou thun - der, roll! Where love is, there is rest. . . .

Allegro vivace.

rall.

f

(Enter DOROTHY.)

MANNERS.

Oh, heart's de .

p

sire, I see thee once a - gain! I seem to hear the heav'n - ly choir Sing,

cres.

life is not in vain. When thou art nigh, oh,

dim.

p

true . . . my love, A . gain . . the sky . . is . . blue, There is no

cres.

G **DOROTHY.**
dark . ness now! There is no light When thou art far a .

p

. way; Thine ab - sence is to me the night, Thy pre sence is the day;

cres. *dim.* *p*

For when I am with thee, with thee, . . . my love, An o . . ther

p *cres.*

world . . I . . see, There is no dark ness now! There is no

MANNERS.

There is no dark . ness,

dark - ness, oh, . . my love, There is no dark-ness, oh, my love, my

oh, . my love, There is no dark-ness, oh, my love, my

cres. *f*

love!

love!

OSWALD.

The hor-ses are

ff *p*

DORCAS. MANNERS. DOROTHY.

wait - ing—And rea - dy am I! The storm is a - ba - ting—Come, love, let us fly! Oh, grant me one

OSWALD. DOROTHY. MANNERS. *Andante tranquillo.*

mo - ment! The hor - ses are wait - ing—Dear Had - don, good - bye! Come, love, let us fly! . . .

DOROTHY.

Home of my girl - hood, so hap - py, fare - well! I ne'er may look on thee Again—Who can tell? The

sun shine up - on thee! Fare - well! Fa - ther, oh fa - ther, I love thee! Good

bye! I have tried to o-bey thee— In vain! Sad am I! Oh, love me, I

Allegro molto.

pray thee! Good-bye! Good - bye!

p cres.

Ped.

RECIT.

Why do the heavens roar? Is this thing sin That

più lento.

K a tempo vivace.

I am doing for thy sake? Ghost - ly the night! But

MANNERS.

DORCAS. **OSWALD.**

calm aye fol - lows storm! Hush! what was that? Thy

MANNERS. **DORCAS.**

heart thine ear de - ceives. Twas nought! A - gain! A - gain!

DOROTHY.

See yon - der form! Hush!

DORCAS.

Hush!

MANNERS.

Hush!

OSWALD.

Hush!

L

'Twas but the twin - kle of the rust ling leaves.

'Twas but the twin - kle of the rust - ling leaves.

'Twas but the twin - kle of the rust - ling leaves. Be not a -

'Twas but the twin - kle of the rust - ling leaves.

DORCAS.

- fraid ! on my strong arm de pend ! See ! there is

OSWALD. *MANNERS.* *DORCAS.*

some - thing ! Where ? A - mongst the trees ! Yea, there is some - thing

DOROTHY.
mov - ing! Saints de - fend!

DOROTHY.
DORCAS. 'Twas but the branch - es sway - ing in the
MANNERS. 'Twas but the branch - es sway - ing in the
OSWALD. 'Twas but the branch - es sway - ing in the
'Twas but the branch - es sway - ing in the

Allegro molto vivace.
breeze!
breeze!
breeze! Now step light - ly,
breeze!

p

Now step light - ly! Hold me tight - ly

Now step light - ly! Hold me tight - ly

Hold me tight - ly, Creep a - long by yon - der wall! Now step light - ly! Hold me tight - ly

Now step light - ly! Hold me tight - ly

M

Where the deep - est sha - dows fall. Heav'n be - friend us! Saints de - fend us!

Where the deep - est sha - dows falls. Heav'n . . . be - friend us! Saints . . . de -

Where the deep - est sha - dows falls. Heav'n . . . be - friend us! Saints . . . de -

Where the deep - est sha dows falls. Heav'n be - friend us!

Fare thee well, Had - don Hall! Fare thee

fend . . us! Fare thee well, Fare thee

fend . . us! Fare thee well, Had - don Hall! Fare thee

Saints de - fend us! Fare thee well, Fare thee

well, old Had - don Hall! Fare

well, old Had - don Hall! Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Creep a .

well, old Had - don Hall! Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Creep a .

well, old Had - don Hall! Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Creep a .

... thee well! Home of my girl-hood, so hap-py, fare -

- long by yon-der wall! Hush, step light-ly! Hold me tight-ly Where the deep-est sha-dows

- long by yon-der wall! Hush, step light-ly! Hold me tight-ly Where the deep-est sha-dows

- long by yon-der wall! Hush, step light-ly! Hold me tight-ly Where the deep-est sha-dows

cres. well-fare-well! *p p* Now step light-ly,

cre fall. *scen* Light-ly, light-ly, light-ly, *do.* Creep a-long by yon-der wall! *p* Now step light-ly,

cres. Fare-well! *p* Now step light-ly,

cre fall. *scen* Light-ly, light-ly, light-ly, *do.* Creep a-long by yon-der wall! *p* Now step light-ly,

cre *scen* *do.* *p*

Hold me tight - ly! Creep a - long by yon - der wall Where the deep - est sha - dows fall,

Hold me tight - ly! Creep a - long by yon - der wall Where the deep - est sha - dows fall,

Hold me tight - ly! Creep a - long by yon - der wall Where the deep - est sha - dows fall,

Hold me tight - ly! Creep a - long by yon - der wall Where the deep - est sha - dows fall,

cres. *scen.*

- do. *f*
Where the deep - est sha - dows fall!

- do. *f*
Where the deep - est sha - dows fall!

- do. *f*
Where the deep - est sha - dows fall!

- do. *f*
Where the deep - est sha - dows fall!

f *dim.*

p *Q*

Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Light - ly let our foot - steps fall, Light - ly, light -

p

Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Light - ly let our foot - steps fall, Light - ly fall, . .

p

Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Light - ly let our foot - steps fall, Light - ly fall, . .

p

Now step light - ly, Hold me tight - ly, Light - ly let our foot - steps fall, Light - ly fall, . .



... ly, light - ly fall, Light - ly, light - ly,

... light ly fall, Light - ly,

... light - ly fall,

... light - ly fall,



fall, light - ly fall !

fall, light - ly fall !

fall, light - ly fall !

fall, light - ly fall !

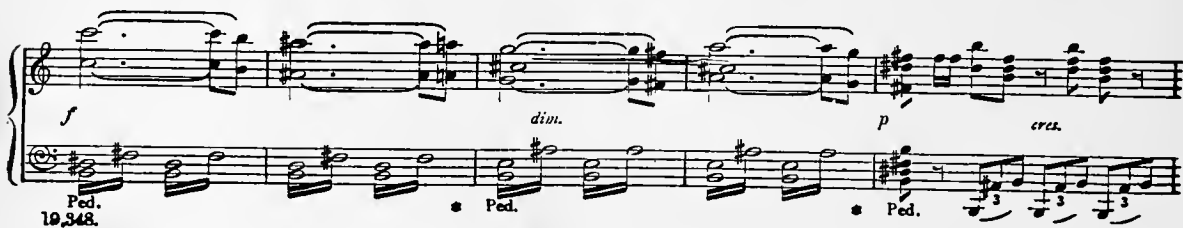
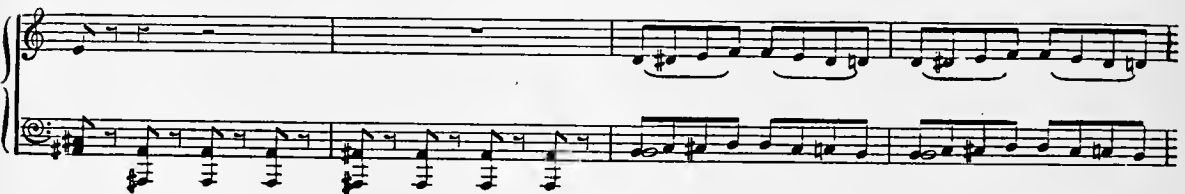
p

STORM.

(No. 16b.)

Doppio movimento. (♩ = ♩.)

The musical score is for a piece titled "STORM." (No. 16b.), marked "Doppio movimento." (♩ = ♩.). It consists of six systems of piano and left-hand staves. The right hand features rapid sixteenth-note passages, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning, *p* (piano) in the fifth system, and *cres.* (crescendo) markings in the fifth and sixth systems. A "Ped." (pedal) marking is at the bottom right.



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex, rapid melodic line with many accidentals. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment with triplets. Dynamics include *ff* and *p cresc.*. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first, it features a complex right-hand melody and a steady eighth-note left-hand accompaniment with triplets. Dynamics include *ff* and *p cresc.*. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues with a complex melodic line. The left hand accompaniment includes some triplet markings. Dynamics include *p cresc.*. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex melodic line. The left hand accompaniment includes triplet markings. Dynamics include *ff* and *p cresc.*. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex melodic line. The left hand accompaniment includes triplet markings. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex melodic line. The left hand accompaniment includes triplet markings. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped.".

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." at the beginning, followed by "* Ped." and another "* Ped." later in the system. Triplet markings (3) are visible in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic development. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings include "* Ped." and another "* Ped." with a "dim." (diminuendo) marking above the right hand. Triplet markings (3) are present in the left hand.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings are "* Ped.", "*", "Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", and "* Ped.".

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with some rests. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings are "Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", and "* Ped.". A "dim." marking is above the right hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with a crescendo marking "V" and a piano marking "p". The left hand continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings are "Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", "* Ped.", and "* Ped.".

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings are "Ped.", "*", "Ped.", "*", "Ped.", "*", "Ped.", and "Ped.".

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

- System 1:** The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics *f* and *ff* are indicated.
- System 2:** The right hand continues with a melodic line, and the left hand has a more complex accompaniment with some chords. A fermata is present over a chord in the right hand.
- System 3:** Similar to the first system, with a melodic right hand and accompaniment left hand.
- System 4:** The right hand has a melodic line with some slurs. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics *dim.* and *p* are indicated. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are used throughout.
- System 5:** The right hand features a melodic line with some slurs. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics *p* and *ff* are indicated. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are used throughout.

MAJOR DOMO.

Si- lence all ! At- tend your host ! Si- lence all, and pledge the 'oast !

Moderato

SIR GEORGE.

Tis an hon - our'd old tra - di - tion, O - pen house is Had - don Hall ; Wel - come

p

all who seek ad - mis - sion, Gen - tle, sim - ple, great and small. Health and wealth to com - rades

CHORUS.

pre - sent, Wel - come one and all the same ! Health to peer and health to pea - sant ! Health to

Health to peer and health to pea - sant ! Health to

(No. 16c.)

Allegretto moderato e pesante.

squire and health to dame!

squire and health to dame!

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

*

SIR GEORGE.

In days of old, When meo were bold, And the

p

prize of the brave the fair, We danc'd and sang Till the raf - ters rang And laugh - ter was ev - 'ry - where! Our

lives were lives of stress and storm, But through our veins the blood ran warm—We on - ly laugh'd the more, We

on - ly laugh'd the more For mirth was mirth, And worth was worth In the grand old days of

cres. *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

yore! For mirth was mirth, And worth was worth In the grand old days of yore! To the grand old days, To the

CHORUS.

To the grand old days, To the

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

grand old days, The grand old days of yore! The grand old days of yore! Ère

SIR GEORGE.

grand old days, The grand old days of yore! The grand old days of yore!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

life is old, And hearts grow cold, And the au - tumn gath - ers grey, With soul and voice In your youth re - joice, And

mer - ri - ly keep your May; A - gain let love and man - ly mirth And wo - man's beau - ty rule the earth As

beau - ty ruled be - fore, As beau - ty ruled be - fore; And once a - gain Let men be men As they

were in days of yore, And wo - man's beau - ty Rule the earth As beau - ty ruled be fore; And

rit. *a tempo.*

once a - gaio Let men be men As they were in days of yore.

CHORUS.

To the grand old
To the grand old

rit. *a tempo.* *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ritenuto.

days— To the grand old days— To the grand old days of yore! The grand old days of yore!

days— To the grand old days— To the grand old days of yore! The grand old days of yore!

ritenuto.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

RUPERT. RECIT.

Allegro non troppo.

E - loped, e - loped! Be

f

MCCRANKIE.

- tray'd, be - tray'd ! A - bet - ted by this trick - sy maid ! Eh, mon ! eh.

SIR GEORGE.

mon ! th' doch - ter's flown ! Is this my house, sir, or thine

RUPERT.

own ? For - give my friend— let me ex - press My sor - row

Ped. *

for his zeal's ex - cess ; He has on - ly just come From the Isle of Rum, And

p

LADY V. & DORCAS. CHORUS.
this is his na - tive ev - 'ning dress. Yes, why has he come—Yes, why has he come from the

SIR GEORGE.
But *why* has he come— Yes, why has he come from the

SIR GEORGE. LADY V. & DORCAS.
And hav - ing come—Yes, hav - ing come—
Isle of Rum? Yes, hav - ing come from the Isle of Rum—
Isle of Rum? Yes, hav - ing come from the Isle of Rum—

LADY V. & DORCAS. B
Although he has come from the Isle of Rum !

SIR GEORGE.
Cannot thy Gae - lic friend be dumb? Although he has come from the Isle of Rum !
Although he has come from the Isle of Rum !
Although he has come from the Isle of Rum !

f

*Moderato.*McCRANKIE. *RECIT.*

SIR GEORGE.

LADY VERNON.

RUPERT.

Eh, mon, eh, mon, ye din-na ken, The doch-ter's gane wi' e - vil men! What is this tale? I fear me! This

p

CHORUS.

tale I will suc-cinct-ly tell, If you will on-ly hear me. Oh! tell this tale to us as well; A tear-ful tale, I fear me!

Oh! tell this tale to us as well; A tear-ful ta'e, I fear me!

*p**f**Molto moderato l'istesso tempo.*

RUPERT.

We were shelt'ring all Un-derneath a wall, Ve-ry damp and most un-hap-py; And to

Ped.

*

McCRANKIE.

PURITANS.

RUPERT

keep us warm In the pelt-ing storm—We were hae-in' a wee drap-pie! They were hav-ing a wee drap-pie! We

PURITANS.

said so, friends!

Ve-ry damp—And most un-hap-py! Oh,

McCRANKIE.

We said, we a' Were bid-in' un-der-neath a wa'—

An' maist un-hap-py!

DORCAS & SOPRS.

PURITANS.

yes, we were damp, And we all had the cramp, But *we* had no wee drap-pie! That's why you were un-hap-py? That's

McCRANKIE.

why we were un-hap-py.

I was bid-in' there Wi' nae breeks to wear—An' a

RUPERT.

McCRANKIE.

SIMEON
(A Puritan).

kilt's a wee bi' draugh-ty! When one of the boys He heard a noise—An' we lis-ten'd, cool an' craf-ty. Please

CHORUS.

RUPERT.

MCCRANKIE

RUPERT & MCCRANKIE

And you lis-ten'd cool and craf-ty? To voi-ces speak-ing—Footsteps creaking— Then a si-lence deep and dead.

I was the boy who heard the noi—And you lis-ten'd cool and craf-ty?

CHORUS.

And what did the voi-ces say? Tell us, we pray.

PURITANS.

Need we men-tion Our at-ten-tion Was be-stowed on what they said? And what did the voi-ces say? Tell us, we pray.

*Più vivo.*RUPERT
(Whisperingly).MCCRANKIE
(Whisperingly). BOTH.

Hush, step light-ly! Hand me tightly! Light-ly let your footsteps fall— Light-ly, light-ly, light-ly fall! Now step lightly! hold me tightly!

PURITANS.

Light-ly, light-ly, light-ly fall! Now step lightly! hold me tightly!

*pp**In falsetto.**tempo 1mo.*

RUPERT.

Light-ly, light ly, light-ly fall!

For-ward I rush'd, this sau-cy vix-en grasping!

Light-ly, let our foot-steps fall— Light-ly fall!

mf

Ped.

McCRANKIE. PURITANS. McCRANKIE. RUPERT

For - rit I fell, an' crackt a Scot-tish croon ! Backward we flew, un-til we pull'd up gasping ! I rose a-gain, but some ane knockt me doon ! A

* Ped. * Ped. *

McCrankie. E RUPERT.

sound of hoofs against the gravel ring-ing— The cluds disperse, that had obscur'd the moon— We see a maid-en to a horseman clinging!

Ped. * Ped. * cres.

DORCAS & LADY VERNON.

Too late! too late! too late! too

RUPERT.

Too late! too late! too late! too late! too late! too

MCCRANKIE.

We were too late— Too late! too late! too late! too late! too late! too

PURITANS.

Or else we were too soon. Or else we were too soon! too soon! too soon! too soon! too

CHORUS.

Too late, they were too late! too late! too late! too late! too

Or else per - haps they were too soon! too soon! too soon! too soon! too soon! too

f

late !
late !
late !
late !
soon !
late !
soon !

SIR GEORGE.
What means this tale? Why in - ter - rupt our sport, This in -

f p
Ped. *

DORCAS.
- trigue of the kitch-en to re - port? It means that to-mor-row Thy daugh - ter and pride Will

p

LADY VERNON.
be, to thy sor - row, Her true lo - ver's bride! My daugh-ter! my daugh-ter! my

RUFERT.
My

SIR GEORGE.
My daugh-ter! my daugh-ter! my daugh-ter!

CHORUS.
Thy daugh-ter! thy daugh-ter! Thy daugh-ter! thy daugh-ter!

f
Ped. *

DORCAS.

A - way to the wa - ter They gal - lant - ly ride !

LADY VERNON.

daugh - ter !

RUPERT.

cou - sin and bride !

SIR GEORGE.

My daugh - ter !

To horse—to horse—the fugitives pur -

RUPERT & MCCRANKIE.

To horse— to horse— but af - ter you !

SIR GEORGE.

- sue !

PURITANS.

To horse— to horse— but af - ter you !

CHORUS OF MEN.

To horse— to horse— the fu - gi - tives pur - sue !

G SIR GEORGE.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun-der's crash

Fol - lows a - new. I will, what - ev - er hap, Press thro' the bolt,

DORCAS & LADY VERNON.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash

RUPERT.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash
MCCRANKIE.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash

SIR GEORGE.

Close as the thun - der - clap Af - ter the bolt!

PURITANS.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash
CHORUS.

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash

Fleet tho' the light-ning's flash

Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun - der's crash Fol - lows a - new !

Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun - der's crash , Fol - lows a - new ! To horse—to

Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun - der's crash Fol - lows a - new ! To horse—to

To horse—to horse ! To horse—to

Van - ish from view. Sure - ly the thun - der's crash Fol - lows a - new ! To horse—to

Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun - der's crash Fol - lows a - new ! To horse—to

Van - ish from view, Sure - ly the thun - der's crash Fol - lows a - new ! To horse—to

Ped. *

Ped. *

horse— To horse ! to horse ! . . . We will bring up the

horse— To horse ! to horse ! . . . We will bring up the

horse— spare nei-ther steed nor spur !

horse— To horse ! to horse ! . . . We will bring up the

horse— To horse ! to horse ! . . .

horse— To horse ! to horse ! . . .

Ped. *

Ped. *

dim.

LADY VERNON.

In vain they will blun - der Thro'

p

holt and thro' brake ; Nev er yet did the thun - der The

rit.

Andante moderato.

THREE GIRLS.

light - ning o'er - take ! Fare - well, our gra - cious host - ess, Of chil - dren both be - rest ; But

p

love, n - de-dience, troops of friends Un - to thee still are left. Not ours to break grief's sa - cred seal And on thy woe to dwell, Bnt

rit. *Andante con moto.*

ours to bend a hnm - ble knee And bid thee find fare - well. Fare-

rit.

Ped. * Ped.

CHORUS.

p

. well | . . . Fare - well | . . . Time, the A - ven - - ger,

p

Time, the A - ven - - ger,

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Time, the Con - trol - ler, Time, that un - rav - els the tan - gle of life, . . . Guard thee from

Time, the Con - trol - ler, Time, that un - rav - els the tan - gle of life, . . . Guard thee from

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dan - ger, Prove thy con - so - ler, And make thee a - gain hap - py mo - ther and wife!

Brief is all life; Its storm and strife Time stills;

Brief is all life; Its storm and strife Time stills;

Ped. 19.348. * Ped. * Ped. * ed.

And thro' this dream The name - less scheme Ful - fils ;

And thro' this dream The name - less scheme Ful - fils ;

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Un - til one day . . . Thro' space is hurl'd . . . A va - cant world, Thro' space is

Un - til one day . . . Thro' space is hurl'd . . . A va - cant world, Thro' space is

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

hurl'd . . . A va - cant world, Si - lent and grey, **M**

hurl'd . . . A va - cant world, Si - lent and grey,

Ped. 19.348 Ped. * Ped. Ped.

SOPRANOS.

Un - til one day . . Thro' space is hurled . . A va - cant world,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

TENORS & BASSES.

Thro' space is hurled . . A va - cant world, Si lent and grey. . .

Ped. *

Si - lent, si - lent and grey !

Si - lent, si - lent and grey !

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. *

ACT III.

No. 17.

CHORUS.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

*f**p**f*

SOPRANOS.

*f**p (Aside.)*

TENORS, BASSES, & PURITANS.

*f**p (Aside.)**f**p*

cho - rus as this? It's a Pu - ri - tan's no - tion of hea - ven - ly bliss! (*Aloud.*) The scales have

cho - rus as this? It's a Pu - ri - tan's no - tion of hea - ven - ly bliss! (*Aloud.*) The scales have

fall - - en from our eyes— We're pain - ful - ly con - scious we're so ma - ny guys, And we're

fall - - en from our eyes— We're pain - ful - ly con - scious we're so ma - ny guys, And we're

B *f*

all of us tell - ing a par - cel of lies! (*Aloud.*) The truth at last we

all of us tell - ing a par - cel of lies! (*Aloud.*) The truth at last we

p

clear - ly see— (*Aside.*) Oh, hi did - dle, did - dle, be - tween you and me, Our ap -

clear - ly see— (*Aside.*) Oh, hi did - dle, did - dle! be - tween you and me, Our ap -

f
- pa - rent con - ver - sion is fid - dle - de - dee! (Aloud.) Oh, price - less gift! Oh bless - ed
- pa - rent con - ver - sion is fid - dle - de - dee! (Aloud.) Oh, price less gift! Oh bless - ed

p
boon! (Aside.) It must have been of this i - den - ti - cal tune The a - po - cry - phal quad - ru - ped
boon! (Aside.) It must have been of this i - den - ti - cal tune The a - po - cry - phal quad - ru - ped
p

C p
per-ish'd so soon! Did ev - er you hear such a cho - rus as this? It's a Pu - ri - tan's no - tion of
per-ish'd so soon! Did ev - er you hear such a cho - rus as this? It's a Pu - ri - tan's no - tion of
THE SIX PURITANS. *f*
Our heads we bow, the rod we
pp

hea - ven - ly bliss! We're pain - ful - ly con - scious we're so ma - ny guys, And we're all of us tell - ing a
hea - ven - ly bliss! We're pain - ful - ly con - scious we're so ma - ny guys, And we're all of us tell - ing a
kiss— The scales have fal - len from our

D

par - cel af lies! Oh, hi did - dle, did - dle! be - tween you and me, Our ap - pa - rent con - ver - sion is

par - cel af lies! Oh, hi did - dle, did - dle! be - tween you and me, Our ap - pa - rent con - ver - sion is

eyes— The truth at last . . we . . clear - - ly

fid - dle - de - dee! It must have been of this i - den - ti - cal tune The a - po - cry - phal quad - ru - ped

fid - dle - de - dee! It must have been of this i - den - ti - cal tune The a - po - cry - phal quad - ru - ped

ee— Oh, price - less gift! Oh bless - - ed . .

f per - ish'd so soon! Oh bless - ed boon! . . Oh *what a tune, what a tune!* *(Spoken.)*

f per - ish'd so soon! Oh bless - ed boon! . . Oh *what a tune, what a tune!* *(Spoken.)*

boon! Oh bless - ed boon! . . Ob *what a tune, what a tune!*

f *ff* *ff*

No. 18. SONG—(Lady Vernon) with Chorus.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *f* *dim.* *p*

LADY VERNON. *p*

1. Queen of the gar - den bloom'd a rose, Queen of the ro - ses round her;
 2. In - to her heart a can - ker crept, In - to her soul a sor - row;

Ne - ver a way - ward wind that blows Breath'd on the briar that bound her;
 O - ver her head the dew - drops wept, "She will be dead to - mor - row!"

The sun - set lin - ger'd on her face, And Pho - bus, west - ward roam - -
 But still a smile up - on her cheek, The mor - row found her glow - -

- ing, Il - lu - mined with a gold - en grace The em - press of the gloam -
 - ing In crim - son state, on all who seek Her roy - al grace ue - stow -

rall. *a tempo.*

- ing, Nev - er a moon at even - ing rose But in the twi - light
- ing, Queen of the gar - den still at noon, Queen of the ro - ses

rall.

1st time.

found her, Re - gal in rest, in red re - pose, Queen of the ro - ses round her!
round her, Not un - til eve the pal - lid moon Dead in the gar - den found

f

2nd time. CHORUS (DORCAS with SOPRANOS.)

her! Dead in the gar - den lay a rose, Re - gal in rest they found her;
Dead in the gar - den lay a rose, Re - gal in rest they found her;

LADY V. *dim.*

Smil - ing in death's au - gust re - pose, Queen of the ro - ses round
Smil - ing in death's au - gust re - pose, Queen of the ro - ses round
Smil - ing in death's au - gust re - pose, Queen of the ro - ses round

dim.

her!

p her!

p her!

p

tr

(Enter SIR GEORGE.)

No. 19.

RECIT.—(Lady Vernon & Sir George).

RECIT. SIR GEORGE.

A - lone— a - lone! No friend - ly tone To bid my heart re - joice. My

son be - neath the sigh - ing sea— My daugh - ter dear es - trang'd from me!

p

tr

LADY VERNON.

No kind - ly voice To say re - joice! A - lone! . . . a lone! Not whilst

SIR GEORGE.

LADY VERNON.

I live. Why kneel-est thou to me? Hus - band, for - give! A sup - pliant I to thee! 'Twas

B

Più vivo.

I who urged our daugh - ter's flight— Oh! how can I a - tone? Up - on that wild and star - less

Più vivo.

SIR GEORGE.

LADY VERNON.

night, The cul prit, I a - lone! Then it was thou! My head I hum - bly

(No. 19a.)

DUET.

Andante con moto.

SIR GEORGE.

bow.

Bride of my youth, wife of my age, Who, hand in hand and page by page, Hast

p

read life's book with me,

Up on whose knee our souls hath slept, To -

ge - ther we have smiled and wept

O - ver his grave— the sea.

Un - til we quit life's che - quered scene,

Love, let us keep, our friend - ship green ;

LADY V.

Friends we have al - ways, al - ways been, . . . Friends let us al - ways be. Our

cres. *dim.* *p*

D

years are spent, Our heads are grey, And slow - ly ebbs the tide a - way That bears us out to

SIR GEORGE.

sea. I print a kiss up - on thy brow; We are too old to quar - rel now;

E LADY V.

Un - til we quit life's

What have I left but thee, What have I left but thee? . . . Un - til we

che quered scene, Love, let us keep our friend - ship green; Friends we have al - ways

quit life's che - quered scene, Love, let us keep our friend - ship, Friends we have al - ways,

cres.

been, Friends . . . let us al - ways be! Friends let us al - ways

al - ways been, . . . Friends let us al - ways be! Friends let us al - ways

dim. *p*

be! Friends let us al - ways be!

be! Friends let us al - ways be!

pp

No. 20. SCENE—(Dorcas, Rupert, Three Girls & Chorus).

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

f

DORCAS.

1. In frill and feather, spick and span, A
2. Oh, sir, he's such a hand-some youth; The

p

gal-lant is ask-ing for thee; I told him to go, But he wouldn't take "no"—Oh, he is such a nice young
ni-cest I ev-er did see! To tell thee the truth I have nev-er seen youth Who was quite such a youth as

THE THREE GIRLS.

man! . . . We told him to go, But he would-n't take "no,"—Oh, he is such a nice young
he! . . . To tell thee the truth We have nev-er seen youth Who was quite such a youth as

A
REPEAT.

man! Oh yes, I know that nice young man! He trav-els in cof-fee and
he! Oh yes, I know that self-same youth! He dab-bles a bit in the

tea, And if you're not in Leaves be-hind him a tin, Or a pack-et of bad Bo
arts; He wants you to hire What you'll nev-er re-quire, In a se-ries of month-ly

B
CHORUS.

hea. Oh, we all of us know that nice young man, Who tra-vels in cof-fee and the
parts. He is par-tial to hours both dark and late, He has a quick eye for and the

Oh, we all of us know that nice young man, Who tra-vels in cof-fee and the
He is par-tial to hours both dark and late, He has a quick eye for and the

tea, And if you're not in, leaves be-hind him a tin, Or a pack-et of bad Bo
spoons, And long will he wait With his foot in the gate, In the dusk of the af-ter-

tea, And if you're not in, leaves be-hind him a tin, Or a pack-et of bad Bo
spoons, And long will he wait With his foot in the gate, In the dusk of the af-ter-

dim.

hea, of bad Bo - hea, of bad Bo - hea.
 noons, the af - ter - noons, the af - ter - noons.

dim.

hea, of bad Bo - hea, of bad Bo - hea.
 noons, the af - ter - noons, the af - ter - noons.

dim.

1st time. 2nd time.

p

No. 21.

ENSEMBLE.

Moderato.
 (♩ = ♪ before.)

mf

Oswald.
 Good Gen - 'ral Monk, with

o - thers therein nam'd, Hath en - ter'd Lon-don and the King pro-claim'd. And by his or - der

19.348.

I am here to claim This an-cient ma - nor in King Charles - 's name! Dest thou sui

RUPERT. OSWALD.
 - ren - der? No-thing! I have said! So be it, sire; thy

blood be on thy head!

Più vivace.

p pp ff

RUPERT.
 Sam-mon my bo - dy-guard! I

fear me, friends, Some e - vil to my per - son this por - tends !

RECIT. RUPERT.
 Why this dis -

fp

Allegro pesante.

or - der? this re - bel - lious mien? Where are your books? and why are ye so clean?

f *p* *f*

PURITANS.

Bo - ther our books! We all in - tend Our e - vil looks And ways to mend! We

mean to do just what we like, So we have all come out on strike!

dim.

Eight hours we'll moan— Eight hours we'll sigh—

19.348. *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

SIMRON.

Eight hours we'll groan— Eight hours we'll pry! But for six-teen we

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

PURITANS. CHORUS. *Presto.* (No. 21a.)

will be free! And so say I! And so say we!

And so say we!

cres. *f*

DORCAS. 1. We have
RUPERT. 2. To a
PURITANS. 3. From the

p

thought the mat-ter out And we know what we're a-bout, And what-ev-er thou mayst do or say, We in-
word of warn-ing hark, Ere you reck-less-ly em-bark On an un-der-tak-ing so in-ane As to
point of view of wit, We are o-pen to ad-mit It's a sil-ly sort of thing to say; But when

f CHORUS

tend to sing in cho-rus With the gal-lants who a-dore us, And to mer-ry make the live-long day!
 de-di cate to Cu-pid That par-tic-u-lar-ly stu-pid And pe-cu-li-ar-ly weak re-frain
 mu-si-cal-ly treat-ed And suf-fi-cient-ly re-peat-ed, It's ef-fec-tive in its sim-ple way!

Sing-ing,
 Known as
 So sing,

Sing-ing,
 Known as
 So sing,

ff

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Sing, Tra, la, la, la, la,

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Sing, Tra, la, la, la, la,

Ped.

* Ped.

la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la. Tra, la, la, Tra,

la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la. Tra, la, la, Tra,

la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, . . . Tra, la, la, la,

la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, . . . Tra, la, la, la,

Ped. * Ped. *

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

la. la. . . .

la. la. . . .

p *sf*

Ped. * Ped.

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped.

No. 22.

SONG—(McCrankie) & Chorus.

Allegretto comodo.

McCRANKIE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Hech, mon! hech, mon! if gars me greet Tae
 2. At first I thocht the sud - den swap Was

see thy ca - pers mo - ny, When na - ture made the earth sae sweet, An' life micht be sae bon - ny. Why
 jist a wee bit ris - ky; But noo they're fas - ten'd o' the tap I feel quite young and fris - ky. To

nae ac - cept what for - tune sen's, An' learn that earth an' heav'n are frien's? E - neugh o' han - ky - pan - ky— Gie
 show ye jist the sort o' thing, I'm gaun' tae dance a Hee - land fling, An' if ye'll help, I'll thank 'ee. A

ower thy freaks An' don the breeks, An' be a mon, Mc Crank-ie! I've got 'em on!
 wee bit skirl— A wee bit whirl— A fling wi' auld Mc Crank-ie! A wee bit skirl—

CHORUS.

1. Thou st got em on!
 2. A wee bit skirl—

Thou'st
 A

1st time.

I've got 'em on '—
A wee bit whirl—

got em on, Mc Crank-ie! Thou'st got 'em on,
fling wi' auld Mc Crank-ie! A wee bit whirl—

Thou'st got 'em on, Mc Crank-ie!
A fling wi' auld Mc

p *f*

2nd time.

Crank-ie!

(No. 22a.) SCOTCH DANCE.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

(3 times.)

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

No. 23.

FINALE ACT III.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

Ped.

*

CHORUS.

Hark ! hark ! the

Hark !

Ped.

can-non ! Where to hide us ? Hark ! a - gain the trum - pet's call !

Hark ! the can-non !

Hark ! a - gain the trum - pet's call !

f

Ped.

Friend a - far and foe be - side us, Friend a - far and foe be - side us, Death confronts us one and
 Friend a - far and foe be - side us, Death confronts us one and all ! Death con - fronts us one and

*

MANNERS.
 all ! God save the King !
 all !

Ped. *

Andante espress
 These from his hand . . I bring ! Time was, Sir Knight, thou
p *p*

spurn'd me from thy gate ; For my re - venge I had not long to wait. Thee, in King Charles's name,

CHORUS.

I re - in - stal The lord of Had - don and of Had - don's Hall. God save the King! God save the King!

God save the King! God save the King!

Più vivo.
LADY VERNON.

SIR GEORGE.

MANNERS.

But who art thou that bring Ti - dings so glad? Thy name? John Manners!

p

SIR GEORGE.

MANNERS.

SIR GEORGE.

MANNERS.

Rut - land's son? The same! Thou hast done this for me? For one who bore thy name.

Allegro vivace.

f

Ped.

CHORUS.

f
Lo! our mis - tress! Had don's pride! Home the bride-groom brings his

Lo! our mis - tress! Had - don's pride! Home the bride-groom brings his

Ped.

Ped. * Ped. *

MANNERS.

bride! An - o - ther gift, Sir Knight, I bring, By

bride!

Ped.

fa - - vour of that great - er King Who rules be - yond the

grave. To thee I now . . . pre - sent my bride. A no - ver,

I thy wrath de-fied; A son, thy grace I crave.

Ped. *pp*

DOROTHY. SIR GEORGE.

Oh, fa-ther, wilt thou not for-give me now? A-rise, be-

LADY VERNON.

- loved! Thou hast kept thy vow. And all things yield to such a

DOROTHY.

love as thine. Oh, praise me not; the mer-it is not

mine.

cres. *molto.*

Allegro moderato.

Love breath'd a mes - sage through the sphere! I could not but o -

p

- bey; To all who have the ears to hear Love breathes it ev - 'ry day. Now,

in the bab - bling of the brook, It mur - murs to our souls; Now, thro' the light - ning's

cres.

fe - ry fork Re - ver - be - rant it rolls. It e - choes thro' the so lemn night, It

cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rings all na - ture through; For ev - er, in the an - gels' sight To thine own heart be

p
Ped. *

true! Though storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

LADY VERNON.
Though storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

MANNERS.
Though storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

SIR GEORGE.
Though storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

CHORUS.

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart, To thine own heart be true! Though

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! Though

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! Though

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! Though

dim.

Ped. * Ped. *

storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

storms up - rise And cloud the skies, And thorns where ro - ses grew, Come

Ped. *

DOROTHY.

rall.

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart, To thine own heart . . . be true . . .

rall.

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! . . .

rall.

sun, come snow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! . . .

rall.

sun, come soow, Come weal, come woe, To thine own heart be true! *Più lento.*

rall. *ff*

Ped. * Ped.

19,348. *

Ped.

End of Opera. *

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